

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending November 24, 1860.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.
Hints on the formation of Religious Opinions. Addressed especially to young men and women of Christian education. By Rev. J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life and Correspondence of John A. Quitman, Major-General U. S. A., and Governor of the State of Mississippi. By J. C. Calhoun. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 600-722. N. Y.: Harper & Bro.

HISTORICAL.

The Union of the States: A History of the Union of the States, from the Declaration of Independence to the present time. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

POETRY.

A Tribute to John A. Quitman. By George W. Chapman. 2mo. pp. 121. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tribe of the Days of Washington. Large 12mo. pp. 300. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

ENGLISH.

Goethe's Unpublished Letters. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life of the Archbishop of Canterbury. By the Rev. J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

HISTORICAL.

Contemporary Rome. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

FICITION.

Runaway Slave. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

TRAVELS.

Nineteen Years in the Pacific. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

MEDICAL.

The Sanitary Condition and Diseases of Italian Italy. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Essay on the History of the English Language. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Annotations on the Holy Bible. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

RELIGIOUS.

Annotations on the Holy Bible. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

FICITION.

The King of the Mountains. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

WISDOM.

Wisdom. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

WISDOM.

Wisdom. By J. H. R. Smith, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Albany. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: Hurd & Co.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

HOME BALLADS.

As a poet, Mr. Whittier is one whom we ought to honor. It is therefore with sincere pleasure that we welcome his characteristic and charming volume of "Home Ballads," recently published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston.

Mr. Whittier's career in literature has been singular and brilliant. In earlier years he seems to have been kindly affected toward the "poor Indian." Hence such poems as "Maggie May" and "The Indian of Pennacook," in which that rampant and loving barbarian is idealized and set to music. When, however, the red demon passed away, he transferred his affections to the "poor negro."

"Anti-Slavery Poems," in which "thoughts that breathe" have been felicitously married to "words that burn." On this theme he is still occasionally eloquent. There are, in this recent collection, poems which flash and sparkle with the ardor of the most fervent reformer. But in his later years, which indeed seem to have been those that "bring the philosophic mind," he has written poems of more genuine inspiration, of higher artistic merit, and of larger human interest. In these we recognize a spontaneous and therefore a sincere expression of his poetic nature; and judged by these he is certainly entitled to a high place among the very few poets America has yet produced.

To the true poet, the themes of highest import are those to which the histories of nations and all the physical aspects of the world can be, at best, only accessories and hints. It is in the marvellous constitution and interior life of man that the poet's unselfish possibilities of knowledge are gathered up to dwell his coming. It was natural, and it was well that Mr. Whittier should delight in the past, that he should find congenial and suggestive themes in the life of long ago. In the mystery of the universal forest, in the quiet and serene life of the Puritan, in the traditional life of New England, in its days of which craft and devotion, in its graves and heronies and its dead memories, in its old legends misty and splendid, in the spirit of romance that hallows its everling hills, haunts its dim woods, sparkles in its waters, and sighs in its solitudes, there is much to excite and stimulate the poetic mind. This magic Mr. Whittier has felt and obeyed; and thus it happens that he has illustrated in poetry, as Mr. Hawthorne has admirably done in prose, the character of a time and a people passed away. But he has not rested here. In all his truest poems we recognize the master spirit of one who in the highest realms of thought and feeling possesses the right of eminent domain. To the human intellect and the human heart, to the sublime aspirations and conflicts of the one, and to the universal emotions of the other, he has given that just and beautiful interpretation which only genius can achieve. Nothing can be finer than many of his poems of thought, passion, and sentiment. They are at once earnest, true, and tender, vigorous and splendid as a diamond morning, and stately with the strong swell of martial music. Of such poems this little book of "Home Ballads" is not deficient. These constitute its value and its charm, and these commend it to the kindly appreciation of all lovers of good poetry.

THE BURCH CASE.

The Burch case is up again, and all its wretched details—especially those of a lascivious character—are reproduced at length.

That any pertinent lesson will be drawn from the case is not to be expected.

It is understood that men are to do as they please, and no questions asked, while women are to be held to the strictest possible account.

Now and then a husband gets found out, but the matter is at once hushed up, and the wife is told by everybody that she has to do as she pleases, which she generally does with surprising good grace.

She can't understand why such a difference should be made between men and women, but that she is told is because she is deficient in intellect.

If she only had the reasoning faculty of men, she would see the justice of the thing at once.

The reasoning faculty has decided that if a wife be so much suspected of infidelity, she shall at once lose her reputation, while a husband may be not only suspected but convicted of infidelity, and yet stand as well with his fellows as ever.

The reasoning faculty has decided that the infidelity of a wife shall in all cases be published far and wide, and that her character shall forever after be placed on a par with that of a common prostitute, while the infidelity of a husband shall be considered as a very trivial affair, not to affect his social standing in any way—unless for the better.

This wonderful conclusion of the reasoning faculty cannot be stated too often, since it affords the most splendid illustration on record of the subtle power of the human brain.

We mean, of course, the male human brain. The male human brain, however, when it comes to treat of woman and her relations, is always marvelously acute.

It sees distinctions which perplex the female brain (admitting its existence) almost to idleness.

It sees how what is infamy in a woman, is in a man nothing but gallantry.

It sees how freedom of action which is the glory of a man, would in a woman be shame.

It sees how the sphere of a man should be unlimited, and the sphere of a woman be narrowly circumscribed.

It sees how woman should be paid less than man for performing the same labor.

It sees how man should do all in his power to exclude woman from industrial pursuits, and then complain of her as being of limited capacity.

It sees how a learned man should be praised as a savant, and a learned woman be ridiculed as a bluestocking.

In a word, it sees how with man twice two makes four, while with woman it makes three, five, or any other number which may suit masculine caprice.

and that the chief difference between the two codes is such as that man is allowed the almost unbridled indulgence of his passions, while woman is restricted, under the heaviest penalties, within the narrowest conventional limits.

We repeat that this may be all right, but it is well that the fact should now and then be placed upon record, if only as a convincing proof of the wonderful cleverness and cunning of the male human brain.

There is a large class of persons in the community to whom the epithet Epithet Writer seems to be a term of reproach.

The writers of dull and ponderous volumes upon all sorts of abstract and useless subjects imagine that they have secured for themselves a lasting fame, as soon as they have transferred their dullness to one of that class of books which are so fitly described as works which no gentleman's library should be without.

It may be that they have, though for the peace of posterity we hope that they have not.

But whether they have or not is a matter of very small importance.

Fame of any kind seems to us a matter of very small importance.

Certainly posthumous fame should be a matter of the smallest importance to a living man.

For it would seem a truism that life was given us for the purpose of living it.

Perhaps too the truth that we must live our lives in the present is more or less self-evident.

It would not seem, therefore, that to write for the present, to speak words which only merit is that they are timely, that they are suggestive, or amusing, is wasting one's talents or squandering one's life.

There is no more reason why a writer should be tried by the touchstone of immortality than a preacher, a singer, a banker, or a merchant should be subjected to the same test.

If a man's gift is that of expressing his thought, either in speech or in writing, and he does so, to the pleasure or profit of those immediately about him, he has lived his life well, whether future ages hear of him or not.

In fact the future ages had better be left to themselves.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

It is now, here, and to-day, that the literary man has a work to do that may well engage all his ability.

Let him leave to the future its own needs.

His fame, either present or posthumous, must take care of itself.

The world has always been too much troubled with demands upon it for admiration; though it is still too willing to accord it to the grasping and pretentious.

To speak a true word, to write a condensed article, is generally more difficult than to prepare for print any amount of pompous verbosity.

In the world of London, with all its literary ability and its wonderful wealth of books, the number of men who can write for *Punch*, who can condense a thought into a quip or a satire into a joke, has always been extremely few and difficult to find.

And yet shall any one say that the writers for *Punch*, ephemeral though they are, have wasted their lives?

On the contrary they have done the best work for good literature, and what is grander than good literature, for manliness of life, that this nineteenth century has seen.

It fires and dignifies us to hear this talk of ephemeral writers, and of the necessity that men should devote themselves to great and serious works which shall be worthy of time.

san rooms, Prince Street. The company seems to have been a most successful one. Addresses were delivered by Mr. O. H. Hicks, B.N.C., S.O., of G.R., of first branch (white), and Mr. J. U. B. Smith, B.W.N.O.J., of second branch (the same color (yellow)).

Mr. Smith was presented with a well-filled purse (yellow). A beautiful bound Bible was then presented to the Friends Union Lodge (dark room). An unknown lady (Nise) then sang several songs. Supper was then announced (dark), and after system all went home (marry).

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

In the last Saturday Press, I find that you "regret to see that Count Gersovskii has logged in the question of Slavery,"—that you "don't care to mix up in any way in the anti-Slavery discussion, and as a general rule, shall exclude the topic from your columns."

Perhaps, Ancient, this means that you are willing to have your own say, on the side you at present lean to, but don't care to have others intrude their opposite views, to any extent.

Of course you can do as you please about this; but nevertheless, I have a desire to make a second exception to your "general rule."

The reason is, that after declaring that for thirty years not a sensible word has been written on the subject, you go on with choice written words of your own, thereby offering the intimation, from which the candid reader cannot escape, that the long-silencing sensible words—a few of them, at least,—are at last before the world.

Not to push the matter widely, I wish, Ancient, simply to take these words of yours, as arranged in paragraphs, and give to each paragraph, from the other side, I will endeavor to do this with as few "texts" and "sentences" as possible, as circumstances will allow. I certainly believe that you afford a capital series of texts for more protracted argument; but I prefer, on the whole, to just look at the precise meaning of what you have said.

Here, then, is your first paragraph:

We regret to see that Count Gersovskii has logged in the question of Slavery, and as a general rule, shall exclude the topic from your columns.

I take it, however, that your rule of exclusion is not rigid, since you accompany its announcement with a series of observations, not absolutely necessary to a mere declaration of intentions on this point.

This is opinion, and I shall not touch it, except to say that a good many credulous people believe that the discussion is older than you say; that George Washington was in at the beginning with some words more or less sensible; that Thomas Jefferson also got his hand in; and that others, about the same time, helped to form the early ring.

Here is the second paragraph:

We have often been urged to join in the anti-Slavery crusade, but have steadily refused.

This is a delicate business, perhaps; but I do think, Ancient, that a good many years ago, not thirty perhaps, your name was high and honored among those who "crusaded" in the strongest anti-Slavery style. This, too, is a universal belief among those who know you. How is it? Tell us. And if so, why the renunciation?

Paragraph number three is as follows:

We are opposed to slavery of every kind—and the readers of the Saturday Press are well aware—that we are even more opposed to what is called anti-Slavery, for the simple reason that it is no doubt an end in itself, and consists of nothing but a series of noisy and unmeaning howls.

No anti-Slavery has "no distinct aim or purpose." I suppose this is a general way of stating the old proposition that the Republicans, or anti-Slavery people—speak of them as they please, for the occasion, only because you do—have no definite plan for Slavery abolition, and consequently are without object. Let me be for a moment figurative: Suppose you have a large and well-to-do family—don't start frightened, this is mere supposition—and a few get bed-ridden with a loathsome disease.

You see a way to check the spread of the distemper. You set about it, with much labor, and at the risk of breaking up your household,—the infected among whom cherish a delusion that their legacy is the only perfect state of being. Very well. Is that a "distinct aim or purpose?" And candidly, as far as it goes, is not this a fair illustration? And does it not go far enough to exhibit a "distinct aim or purpose?"

The fourth paragraph, in turn:

No better text of it in this State (where it is in a majority of over 60 per cent) can be found than in the fact that it has just refused for the benefit of the negro, to have a single vote of a single freeholder to vote in favor of the negro, and taking an active part in the cause.

Admitting this, what of it? Say that a negro is not equal to the privileges of suffrage, and so forth,—that matter to authorize his bondage, to justify him in his children? Say, now, and moreover, as the principal "aim" of the Republican party, at which I have hinted above, is a very different thing from giving the suffrage, I don't see the force of your "text." How can you "text" the fact that a party is destitute of one purpose by showing that it has failed to accomplish another, of very limited account, and so say specially relevant to the opposition of Slavery at the South?

And what do you mean by saying your "best friends tried to wheedle you into voting for Abe Lincoln?" Don't you see that by impugning their political honesty you put a queer character upon your "best friends." What is a wheedler? I suppose it is one who dishonestly tries to persuade you to do that at which your conscience revolts. I don't believe your friends ever tried to "wheedle" you.

Then comes paragraph number five:

surely than yourself the difference between right and wrong, truth and lies, beauty and deformity, reason and madness, white and black.

Here is number eleven:

We are surely well as the negro as a stepping-stone to power, and a new road to blot his name, and let him go to the devil.

Well, Ancient, if you think the Republican party has got safely over, beyond the aid of stepping-stones, how do you account your friends for their exaltation over the fact that Republicanism has no show, its prospects being now hampered beyond extrication by the opposition of the two great coordinate branches of Government?

Number twelve:

Under these circumstances, we don't care to mix up in any way in the anti-Slavery discussion, and, as a general rule, shall exclude the topic from our columns.

Is, like number one, an affair of opinion, not to be disputed, about it, I leave it. And leave the whole subject at the same time. You observe that I have done nothing but follow very closely, and with very cautious limit, your own expressions. Certainly there is room enough to go away outside; but I prefer to keep close. The reason is, I want to show, if possible, with what unusual carelessness and recklessness you approach this interesting topic. If my short comments upon your paragraphs are not always specially relevant to the broad anti-Slavery argument, the fault is yours, for starting irrelevant ideas. I only desire to show that wherever you try to make a point of fact from which conclusions may be drawn, however unimportant, you are just exactly wrong. To resume:

The Slavery discussion commenced a good deal more than thirty years ago.

You, Ancient, have an old fame as a prominent anti-Slavery man.

The anti-Slavery movement has a distinct aim and purpose.

The present Southern commotion shows that the only question is not which of two herds of swine, etc. Abe Lincoln hasn't run away from home.

No sort of swine have flocked into Springfield by the thousand.

Lincoln has never been in danger of being eaten alive, or any other way.

No Republican claims that his party-organization is instituted for the benefit of the negro.

The party, not having got over its troubles, is not ready to "kick aside" any stepping-stones, allowing that there are stepping-stones such as you allege.

You will understand, Ancient, that my own notion is, that if the "sensible words" on the "question of Slavery" had not appeared before your article, the deficiency was assuredly not supplied thereby. And moreover, much as I regard your acuteness and cleverness, and good sense, I don't believe it is in you to say a "sensible word" on the pro-Slavery side of the argument.

And that's all there is about it.

Reply.

How completely the last paragraph in the above communication justifies us in the determination to exclude the Slavery Question, as a rule, from our columns!

For here is a really clever young man whom the subject immediately paralyzes, whereas whenever he is let loose upon any other point, he invariably says something bright and to the point.

Just throw your eye over the youth's article, and see how curiously he dodges the whole issue.

Our only important point was that we declined, as a general thing, to print anti-Slavery articles, because what is called anti-Slavery has no distinct aim or purpose, but consists of nothing but a series of noisy and unmeaning howls.

We proved this position conclusively (so far as this State is concerned) by showing that the self-styled anti-Slavery party feels so little interest in bettering the condition of the negro that it has just refused to him even the poor right of suffrage.

The retort that this is no reason for enjoining him means nothing, unless whoever would disfranchise the negro, would thereby give a new impetus and enslave him if he had a chance, since by disfranchising him he already denies his manhood, and thus does all he can, at the North, towards sustaining the grounds upon which he is enslaved at the South.

PISCATAQUA RIVER.—1860.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Thou singest by the gleaming lights,
By woods and fields of corn,
Thou singest, and the heaven smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

But I within a city lie,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast.

To let thy dreamy lullaby go,
And, wrapt in dreamy joy,
Dip, and surge idly to and fro,
Like the night-bird's buoy!

To sit in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scent
That blows from Summer shores:

To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting fire
Light up the windows of the town,
And burn the tapering spire!

And then to hear the muffled tolls
From steeples silent and white,
And watch, among the hills of Soho,
The Beacon's orange light.

O River! flowing to the main
Through woods and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain
This sunny birthday morn!

And take this song which sorrow shapes
To make like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known!

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

Whatever may be the apparent physiological absurdity of the statement, yet we have it upon no less authority than the philosophic Wordsworth that the child is father to the man.

In an educational sense we will however accept this statement, since we find that children in the matter of self-instruction are much wiser than their natural parents.

And if they were not, what would become of the world?

Imagine the dreadful moral condition the next generation would display, if it should not in its early days overcome the evil influence of the moral tales written for its special improvement, by a pretty free indulgence in its childish fancy, if not in such stories as the childish mind instinctively loves.

Perhaps many of our readers can remember with what pleasure they turned from the Sunday-school story of the pious youth who did not beat his sister, and who was consequently rewarded with a piece of cake, an approving conscience, and his sister's commendation, to the story of Prince Noyce, the history of Cranoe, the prowess of the Scottish Chiefs, or if the moral dose had been long continued to the heroes of the Pirate's Own Book, or the terrors of Tales of Magic.

It is a matter of wonder that those persons who presume to write for the young should not consider the fact that children are children, and of some importance.

It is Mr. Samivel Weller who insisted that postboys never grew old. We would be more inclined to accept his theory if we could justify such an exception in nature's regular laws by the compensating belief that the writers of instructive and moral tales for youth had never been young.

Certainly if the child is father of the man, what must such dreadful and dreary persons have been during that period of their lives.

It is a pity that their career could not have met as timely and efficacious a corrective as did the imitative virtue of that youth, who fled with his hatchet story of Washington's boyhood, destroyed his father's pet pear-tree, and, after waiting impatiently until the fact was discovered, rushed eagerly out of his hiding place, containing in the well-known words: "Father, I did it. I cannot tell a lie," and received, then and there, instead of the anticipated commendation, a sound whipping for his mischief.

For those of us who can still remember when we were young, it is amusing to see the ignorance of a child's knowledge of perception displayed by the writers of moral stories.

Children are as slightly influenced as adults, by the promised rewards of supposititious cake. While a child is never too young to learn the lesson of his personal responsibility for his actions.

In fact, his life, even from the cradle, is but a continued lesson of this truth.

Quick to observe and to imitate, prone to deceive since they have not yet acquired a self-reliance, cunning in concealment, fearful of blame, and impulsive, as children are, there is perhaps no worse influence to which they can be subjected, than reading the selfish and mean morality, the flimsy hypocrisy, and narrow-minded dogmatism which makes the staple of what is called the religious reading for youth.

It is only from the example of those for whom they have a natural and instinctive respect, that children can learn the necessity for truthfulness, and be taught to respect themselves.

For their early reading, as well as for their after taste in the same matter, association and their instincts will guide them.

As the songs of Mother Goose are more pleasing to a child than the Assembly's Catechism, so will Marryat, Read, and De Foe, be more useful and interesting than any amount of moral fiction as the apocryphal virtues of the good girl of six, or the pious school-boy of ten.

As it is now, however, we are forced to spend the greater part of our lives in freeing our minds from the prejudices and errors we have had forced upon us during our youth.

In this process perhaps consists our mental growth. We should therefore be careful that in educating our children, we do not impose too severe a task of this kind upon them.

MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

XIV.

Finally I tried my hand at lecturing. My first essay was upon Russia, for the professors and other dignitaries of Cambridge; the next was for the students of the law-school upon the history of the Roman law from the period of its origin, down to the epoch when from the influence of learned jurisconsults among the civilians and the clergy, the Roman law became a scientific common law in force among all the nations of Medieval Europe, permeating the peculiar common laws of France, Germany, England, Spain, and even of Russia, who, together with some ideas of Christianity, received a notion of the Jus Civile from Byzantium.

The professors of the law faculty displayed the kindest attention in following my lectures. So did the students, who attended the course numerously and listened to me with forbearing deference.

Forbearance was necessary on their part, since my pronunciation must have wounded their tympanum noticeably.

I was sure that they could understand only a little, and yet they watched me with sparkling and attentive eyes.

Such attention was an encouraging testimony to me, since I took it as a proof that at any rate they had confidence in the conscientiousness of my efforts to bring before them the best stores of my mind and memory.

My grateful feelings towards the students remain unchanged.

One day I received a polite note from Miss ———, requesting me to call upon them. I went. They were rather elderly maiden ladies, teachers in one of the higher-class schools. They asked me to read Homer, Virgil, and Theocritus, with them. I remarked that I had no objection to expounding the great historians to them, but confessed my inability to commentate the two great masters in poetry.

The misses seemed a little abashed at this, supposing that I was a species of pride on my part, and that I did not wish to be considered, as they said, to instruct school-teachers. They declared, furthermore, that if I suspected I should not be paid, I was wrong, and offered to do so as generously as I wished.

It required all the powers of my rhetoric, dialectics, and sentiment, to convince them of the great veneration in which I held the class of feminine school-teachers, and above all, such as desired to make themselves familiar with the classics; but that the fact of my having a certain familiarity with the Roman law, or with history in general, did not make me a philologist or a scholar of classical poetry.

They called my objections nonsense, and pointed to examples of some so-called learned men, who were ready to lecture, teach, or instruct upon any required subject, and ended by saying that I ought to lay aside my Russian notions and concede.

Finally I told them that I did not wish to make myself a fool by treating subjects which I had never studied, except superficially.

We parted. I met them often afterwards, and they always preserved a grudge against me.

Some of the Professors explained to me, that all they probably wished, was to advertise themselves as pupils of Count ———.

It had never occurred to me that I was so great a personage, or that such an advertisement could have been of use to any one.

On an evening gathering in the house of Theodore Parker, he said to me that a lady wished to make my acquaintance, as she had heard I had been a student of German philosophy under Hegel.

I was introduced to the lady, and felt rather uneasy, expecting to be propounded in some metaphysical discourse.

"You studied philosophy?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Under Hegel?"

"Yes, Madame."

"How long?"

"Two years, a time hardly sufficient to go through the whole course."

"You know him?"

"Yes, Madame."

"He passed and appeared thoughtful, I expected some terrible metaphysical riddle, when all at once she asked:

"What was the color of Hegel's eyes and the shape of his head?"

I stood abashed, almost stupefied, then answered that I had tried to learn his system, and had attended only to his words without ever having thought about the color of his eyes or the shape of his head.

She looked down rather contemptuously upon me. I became somewhat excited, and explained that as I was a disciple of Hegel I had followed the teachings of my master, who in his great work, *Phenomenology of the Spirit* (Phenomenology of the Soul), a metaphysical and not a spiritual work, aims at and displays physiognomy and physiognomy.

Madame answered by quoting some American names as authorities in favor of the faith, and could not be made to believe that physiological deductions from facial angles, as well as those made from physiognomy, or psychology, etc., are not accepted either by physiologists or psychologists, or that these cheap displays of sham knowledge are not recognized by science or admitted as authorities into her sanctuaries. Also that cranio-logy is in the same category, since small skull is a poor substitute for brain, and the analogy between the volume or weight of the two is considered absurd.

She was not however convinced.

Among the scientific hangers-on about the venerable Harvard was an astronomer in search of an observatory; the same person who subsequently acquired considerable notoriety for losing one which had been entrusted to him.

This savant, from time to time, published in the newspapers letters which he had just received from Alexander Humboldt, which letters were always commendatory of him, the astronomer, and of several literary notoriety in Park or Beacon streets, Boston.

It is a curious fact that the recently published correspondence of the Berlin sage does not contain a single word about either the astronomer or the other American travellers who repeatedly sounded through the press their intimacy with Humboldt and his fatherly interest in them.

I had always wondered and had my misgivings at these advertisements of themselves, as I had some slight knowledge of Humboldt's turn of mind, and of his habits and mode of intercourse.

My acquaintance with both the brothers Humboldt was such as is common among people belonging to the same social latitudes. I showing the respectful deference which was the duty of a much younger man, and Wilhelm and Alexander Humboldt treating me with cordial affability.

A former American Minister to Berlin could give some curious and instructive revelations of how Humboldt was not only annoyed, but had even dreaded the visits of great American travellers and visitors.

And no wonder.

Humboldt's each step over the globe struck luminous sparks, which science diligently gathered and transformed into beams, illuminating for all time the scientific progress of his age. But what branch of science was ever illuminated by the so-called celebrated American travellers, or by the peripatetic astronomer?

Humboldt's great heart beat in unison with the oppressed of all zones and climes. The sympathy of the great American explorer was concentrated in himself, and in those distinguished persons who offered him their hospitality.

But the oppressed Fellah, Hindoo, Chinaman, Can- diote, and Christian under Moslem rule, had his own instead of his sympathy. GROWING.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

(For The New York Saturday Press.)

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

I missed him from his long-accustomed round—

His dress, well-worn, but scrupulously neat,

And pensive eyes that never left the ground,

As he paced daily down the village-street.

We sought him in his lonely room, and there

We found him, lying on his pallet, dead;

Alone—without a human being near—

Lay the cold clay from which the soul had fled.

The charity his pride would not receive,

The while he lived—the love he would not call

Upon for aid, while there was chance to give—

Now gave his ashes decent burial.

As the damp earth received his lifeless clay,

In that spot where weeds grow not as mis-

The wreath of the life, now passed away,

Seemed in my mind, to shape itself to this:

He was a relic of the days gone by,

In the quick hurry of the present age

His life was strange, as to the modern eye

The letters printed on an antique page.

He brought into the rush of modern days,

The thoughts and feelings of an age no more

In harmony with our present ways,

Than the old-fashioned garments which he wore.

The world had grown beyond him, and the stream

Of thought, which makes the progress of mankind,

Had rippled past him, as the while we drank,

Time marches slowly, though we lag behind.

The learning of the days when he was young,

The fear of spilling if he poured the red,

The old distrust of human kind, which hung

Its pall upon the mercy of our God.

The stately bearing, the conventions, all

The dogmas and traditions of his youth,

Had passed away, in what we moderns call

The glorious advent of the reign of truth.

There now he rests, and if his life can teach

The need to keep our minds forever young,

'Tis more than high philosophy can preach,

And more than poetry has ever sung.

AN AMERICAN PICTURE.

Mr. S. P. Avery and Goupil & Co. have published a line engraving from a picture called "Morning in the Tropics," by F. E. Church, which is an admirable rendering of an excellent picture. In comparison with the recent engravings foisted upon the public at high prices, this rendering by an American engraver of a picture by an American painter, is worthy of high commendation, and is noteworthy as an instance of our artistic advance.

New Movement at Cambridge.

Professor Felton, the new President of Harvard University, is about to call a Convention for the revision and improvement of the Human Constitution.

How to Secure a Good Dinner.

Said it.

Good Military Dinners at the South.

Cotton Dyeing.

Chess Column.

The New York Saturday Press.

NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

PROBLEM No. 24.

By J. H. GAMES, of New York.

Black.

White to play, and make in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 21.

1. Q. B7—Q4. K. B7—Q5. K. B7—Q6. K. B7—Q7. K. B7—Q8. K. B7—Q9. K. B7—Q10. K. B7—Q11. K. B7—Q12. K. B7—Q13. K. B7—Q14. K. B7—Q15. K. B7—Q16. K. B7—Q17. K. B7—Q18. K. B7—Q19. K. B7—Q20. K. B7—Q21. K. B7—Q22. K. B7—Q23. K. B7—Q24. K. B7—Q25. K. B7—Q26. K. B7—Q27. K. B7—Q28. K. B7—Q29. K. B7—Q30. K. B7—Q31. K. B7—Q32. K. B7—Q33. K. B7—Q34. K. B7—Q35. K. B7—Q36. K. B7—Q37. K. B7—Q38. K. B7—Q39. K. B7—Q40. K. B7—Q41. K. B7—Q42. K. B7—Q43. K. B7—Q44. K. B7—Q45. K. B7—Q46. K. B7—Q47. K. B7—Q48. K. B7—Q49. K. B7—Q50. K. B7—Q51. K. B7—Q52. K. B7—Q53. K. B7—Q54. K. B7—Q55. K. B7—Q56. K. B7—Q57. K. B7—Q58. K. B7—Q59. K. B7—Q60. K. B7—Q61. K. B7—Q62. K. B7—Q63. K. B7—Q64. K. B7—Q65. K. B7—Q66. K. B7—Q67. K. B7—Q68. K. B7—Q69. K. B7—Q70. K. B7—Q71. K. B7—Q72. K. B7—Q73. K. B7—Q74. K. B7—Q75. K. B7—Q76. K. B7—Q77. K. B7—Q78. K. B7—Q79. K. B7—Q80. K. B7—Q81. K. B7—Q82. K. B7—Q83. K. B7—Q84. K. B7—Q85. K. B7—Q86. K. B7—Q87. K. B7—Q88. K. B7—Q89. K. B7—Q90. K. B7—Q91. K. B7—Q92. K. B7—Q93. K. B7—Q94. 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